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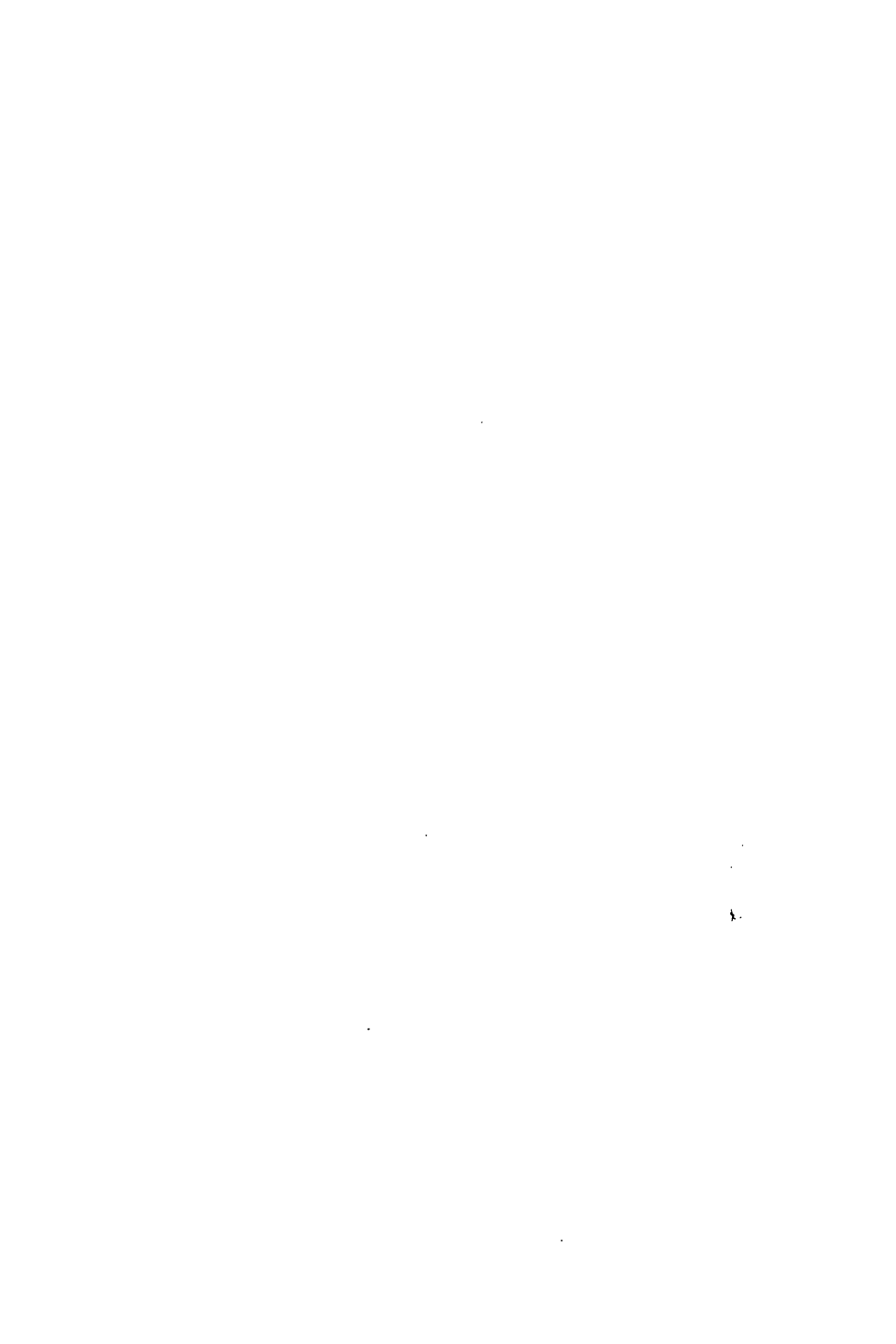


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THE BUGLE

KENDALL LINCOLN ACHORN

**THE BUGLE:
REVEILLE IN THE LIFE BEYOND**

*A Bit of Comfort to Soldiers' Mothers,
Wives and Friends*

BY
KENDALL LINCOLN ACHORN

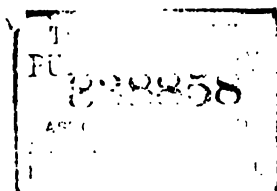
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INTRODUCTION

Kendall Lincoln Achorn, the author of this little book, succumbed to injuries received in an automobile accident, August, 1916.

For several months previous to his leaving our life, I, the person referred to as the "Lustrous Lady" and "Miss Secretary," had been receiving messages purporting to come from unseen friends, first through the medium of an Ouija Board and later by means of automatic writing.

When it was suggested that I try automatic writing, the *modus operandi* had to be explained to me, as I had no idea what automatic writing was.

Most of the early communications were satisfying and intelligible to the recipient, although I had very little idea what people expected. I had not often heard such matters discussed, and had read very little along

those lines. Whatever I have succeeded in doing has been done at odd moments. I have never experienced the semi-conscious or trance state, and have no difficulty in writing while several persons are talking in the same room.

I confess that when I found that I could write in this way, I did it because it afforded pleasure to my friends to receive messages from the unseen world. I had no thought of making it a matter of research and investigation.

Kendall Achorn and I had been friends during our college days. As I think back, I realise there were many classmates I knew better than I did him and some not so well. We were often invited to the same social affairs, and those occasions and the intervals between classes were the only times I remember having any conversation with him. As he possessed a mentality above the average student, I think his classroom achievements stand out most clearly in my memory.

After college days were over, he was not forgotten; as I frequently heard of him through common friends, and read with

much interest his articles, which appeared from time to time in scientific magazines.

Not long after he left our life, I was sitting alone in the twilight with a pencil and pad at hand, when I wrote automatically, "Hugh is my friend. Give him my love. L. Achorn." I understood for whom the message was intended but was surprised at the signature.

From that time L. Achorn, as most of the writings are signed, became a frequent communicator. With experience, the messages grew longer and contained much which later proved to be evidential to his parents. The first letter was addressed to "Hugh" and was a beautiful tribute to the friendship the two men enjoyed. This was followed by several short articles of a scientific nature.

During this period of possibly a year, I was becoming more and more convinced that the writings were from the source from which they purported to be. With the conviction, came the conclusion that I must tell L. Achorn's mother of my experience. I had not met her, but had had some corre-

spondence with her, so I wrote enclosing some of the writings; and promptly received a reply, saying that while she had never been specially interested in communications from the world beyond, the material I had sent was "too direct and too evidential to be disregarded."

Very soon she came on a visit. By numerous references to the events of his life of which I had no possible knowledge, and by dominant traits of character, and various idiosyncrasies being vividly expressed, L. Achorn established his identity.

After the mother's visit, he wrote her many letters; often referring to friends in Boston, people of whom I had never heard; to matters of business; and to the little affairs of every day life that happened to be absorbing her attention at that particular time.

I began to experience pride in L. Achorn, and eagerly awaited the reply to the letter in which his mother would verify what had been written. She found some references obscure; but on the whole the letters were plain and characteristic of her son. The

personal correspondence of L. Achorn numbers over two hundred letters. Several are addressed to persons I had not heard of at the time they were written.

From the first call of our boys to the army, L. Achorn has manifested a deep interest in the busy preparation for war. Many times he has expressed his regret at being unable to take part; "to fire his Winchester." So it seemed with a spirit of exaltation, he received his command to prepare and deliver to the mothers, whose sons would pass to the Life Eternal during the conflict, a message of assurance of their continued existence, their progress in that life, their retained memory and interest in home and earth friends.

Several months passed from the time he first wrote of this command; months of evident preparation before he instructed me to have "reams of paper and many pencils," as he was ready to dictate his message to the mothers of the boys in uniform.

When the message was finished, L. Achorn gave it the name "The Bugle;" directed that the binding should be green, the

color of deep sea water; and in the upper right-hand corner of the cover should appear a silver bugle, a copy of the insignia of the Bugle Corps. He, also, instructed me to make the necessary corrections but to carefully avoid changing his meaning. There have been very few corrections. It has been necessary in a few instances to transpose a word into its usual position in a sentence, also to capitalize and to punctuate.

BETSEY HICKS.

May, 1918.

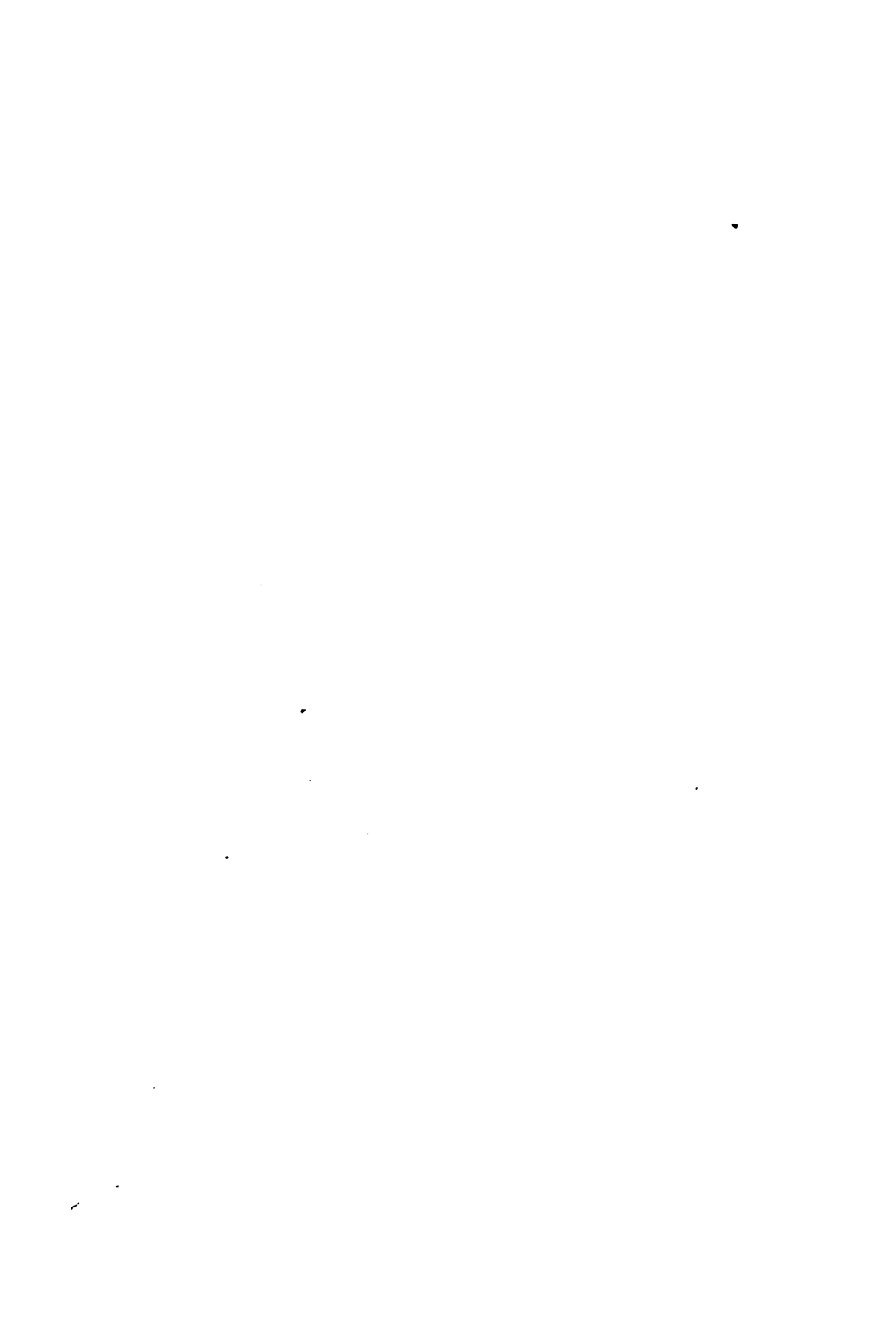
A PRIVILEGE

Mother, I have a crumb of comfort for you. Lives of more than one are made forlorn, and more than one heart is weary and sorrowful as the crimes of this Heaven-darkened world count up in great numbers. Mothers, fathers, sisters, and wives everywhere are filled with sorrow and such sorrow as you have known. Remember the sorrowful with a smile, a word, a deed, but with no tears.

I have suffered for you; I have seen your brave ways, your smiles covered by tears. Your words out of a saddened heart, have never been of what you have suffered but have been words of strength and bravest kind. Mother, with such a heart, with such a mind, you are to help other mothers to be brave, to help sisters to live, and hurry forward to console little children. I write for your comfort and to let you know how your grief counts as your mite to give to others.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	v
A PRIVILEGE	xi
WHY	17
THE CALL	18
LIGHT	21
THE ENEMY	24
SURVIVAL	27
UNSEEN FRIENDS	31
LIFE ETERNAL	34
THE VISION	37
VIBRATION	42
IN UNIFORM	47
OVERSEAS	51
BOOKS	53
LITTLE MARY	58
THE PHYSICIAN	66
THE BRIDGE	70
OUR HERITAGE	73
THE SEED	76
SERVICE	81
SON	86
BITS	91



**THE BUGLE: REVEILLE IN THE
LIFE BEYOND**

THE BUGLE:

REVEILLE IN THE LIFE BEYOND

WHY

My mission is to write a story of my brief experiences in the Life Eternal. I am a student, not a teacher; so I can only satisfy the minds of those desirous of learning a little, not of those desirous of stupendous knowledge. This is a mission that has been given me and I am prepared to write a story of my way of life since I passed quickly from one great world to another.

My commands are laid upon me by a higher intelligence than my own; a spirit to prompt obedience and interest. Certain commands claim my attention, and certain promises are given as a credit if the command is fully carried to completion.

Heart and soul are in this mission; so, Miss Secretary, take each word that I speak to you and write it very carefully.

THE CALL

BOSTON is my home city. I am a physician of some little experience, a student of medicine; now a sadder and a wiser man.

My home was rich in many blessings, but the greatest blessing was my mother; a woman, who, like myself and father, was a physician.

I write this as an introduction that my readers may know that as a man I was not gifted because of my own strength; but because I had ever before me the example of a woman, who maybe God made as a mistake, for she should be a saint, and not an earth-bound spirit. Brave, and desirous of my best development, my mother stood by me when I was a foolish youngster, wasting my talents and my God-given strength as many a young man has the undesirable habit of doing. Heart and soul, she gave to me, and eventually she made me into a person of good address, a man of some moral

strength of character, a student honoured in my professional activities.

I call myself a student because I had only just begun to study carefully and earnestly the great problems of human life. A medical student is never a graduate; student he must ever be to win in the world of medicine, ability, and success as a practitioner. My sadness to-day is wishing I had been a better student, a more devoted practitioner, a finer son to my saintly mother.

This is only a summary of my brief life on earth; for my life as a man was cut short by an accident which shot me into this life as an arrow is shot from its bow, straight into the heart of an agile deer.

My ardent desire is to reach my friends on earth who are sending out of their homes the sons who may come home no more. A son comes into a home. A glorious victory of womanhood is won over the agony of physical suffering, and a brilliant light is burning forever in that woman's heart; a light that her agony, her bravery, her strength has lighted. A son is Son to her no matter what may come to turn the course

of his life, and no matter what may deface her good desires for him. Boys never realise the strength of the women who bravely fight the battles of womanhood that their lives may be sent out into the world to strive for its betterment. Boys fail sometimes; but mothers never fail. A man is just as big as the size of his mother. No man can rise above her level, but many sink far below her.

Boston was my home city. One summer evening in company with a good friend who is more to me than one man usually is to another, I was driving my automobile and we met with an accident which resulted in my death, or rather my consummation of life. My friend escaped with only slight injuries; but before the sunset of another day I was citizen of this life; a stranger in it, as a person coming from another country is a stranger in that foreign city which he visits.

LIGHT

My experiences were those which nearly all experience when they first come to this strange life. I was like a man in a dream. I could not locate myself. I had difficulty in standing erect; difficulty in proceeding from one place to another. I was like a traveller lost in a dense forest without compass or good Indian guide.

My wanderings were brought to an end by coming upon a brilliant light which suddenly illuminated my pathway. Coming into its radiance, I found myself in the presence of another personality. Who it was I had at that hour no idea. Rather, I had no knowledge of what made the light or why I had been guided to it. My senses were dulled by my recent experiences. While I was not weak, like many I have seen come into our life, I was not alert and active as I have since become. My coming to this radiating body was not an accident, for I

was coming to my mental and psychical self; and I had been drawn to this luminary body by the law of attraction of similar bodies. Like attracts like. I found a body, a mind, a spirit vibrating in harmonious relation with my own. Had I never found this body, I should not now be able to write as I am writing, and my mission to you, parents and friends of sons, could not be so easily accomplished.

Later on, as I grew more used to my position, and my mind became accustomed to life as I found it, I received a great deal of pleasure and companionship by reason of frequently seeking out this luminary body. Furthermore, I soon discovered that the body was not as I was—not a citizen of my life—and I was more than puzzled. I reasoned and studied over the difference between that body and myself. Eventually I found to my great surprise that I had come upon a body, a woman whose mind and soul were so illuminated that my eyes could see her although she still lived in a physical body and enjoyed earth; luminous only in mind and soul; rather a frail body; stronger

in radiant lights than in physical strength. As I realised her strength as a soul, I would style her my Lustrous Lady, and as I found her hand responsive to my mental activities and reproducing upon paper my innermost thoughts, I called her Miss Secretary. In the summary of my life, I will refer to her frequently, as without her I would have no outlet, no avenue of communication. Differing only in physical form from myself, she has written my words as accurately as though I held the pen in my own hand.

Her rivalling many as a secretary is a matter of some pride to me, and I frequently say something about her ability which causes her to stiffen her spine just a little and be rather put out. Her hand follows my guidance as I radiate my special message to the mothers of men.

THE ENEMY

My country, proud of its fields of wheat, its yellow grains, its mills where iron is converted into useful instruments for the safety and convenience of men, is constantly menaced by an enemy craving its provinces, its wealth, its strong-hearted citizens. Across many seas, this enemy is fighting its neighbours; bowing their heads as the conflict is not only directed against properly armed soldiers, but against the little children, the mothers, the homes, the sacred institutions of old and honoured nations. The relics of the past, the figures of art, the famous paintings, the cathedrals famed in many countries for their beauty and art treasures, have suffered mutilation.

Many fair young women are crying out; for, caught as they have been by the hideousness of warfare, they strive to call men's hearts and souls to the conflict. Mighty as the conflict has been, saddening a world

where love should be supreme, a struggle yet remains. Desperate and sordid war holds its grip upon countries where only yesterday cattle grazed in the fresh sweet pastures; where little children played in safety; where mills buzzed in harmony with civilisation's progress, and men worked and shared the products of their labours with other men in distant countries.

Battles rage, men fall, and women stunned by grief turn away their faces to hide the agony of their souls. Sons, such as I was, are falling; mothers, such as my own, are full of sadness; and different nations, different countries, strive as one against an enemy unlike any the world has ever known. An enemy so powerful, so dominating, so determined that many men of all languages and nations come as one to win the victory.

A falling man a rising star shall be. A man whose life is his country's, whose life is God's to use as an instrument to restore the world to brotherly relationship, is never to be forgotten; rather, he will die to rise to heights which others work many years to attain. The body of a man who falls upon

the field of conflict is shattered by the blow ;
but rifles shatter only the body, not the soul.

A tribute cannot recall them ; but a glorious mission is mine, to write what I know
of the soul which reaches our life.

SURVIVAL

MUCH has been written to prove that a soul ends with its physical body; much has been spoken to prepare a man for the change from life to life; much is said in regard to salvation of the soul; and much has been taught of the glories of Heaven and the horrors of Hell. A man is told he becomes a figure of man, wearing a garment he would blush to be seen in on earth, and many other fictitious arguments are used, to make Heaven appear desirable. My reasons for writing are to tell you that no man may marvel as I have done to find world and world striking in similarity.

Boston, a city of famous architecture, is beautiful; and so are many of the architectural structures about me. Many men are straight-living in Boston, and so are many of the men whom I have met here. Women are kind of heart; and purity is their happiness both here and on earth. Little chil-

dren romp and play; are cross and fuss over a little lesson; sigh to make blossoms into imaginary playmates; just as earthly little children do.

Braver men are braver spirits; better men are better spirits; finer hearts are finer spirits; and so the law holds true; only heart, soul, and mind survive the coming into our life. Leaving behind a body, perhaps one aged and torn by pain, leaving behind a body straight and strong in its perfect young manhood, leaving behind a body much crippled by wounds of battle, a man comes into the Life Eternal, clad only in his might or weakness as a man.

As a man crosses from one life to another, his consciousness is dulled. As he enters the Life Eternal, he is at first similar to a man arousing from a deep sleep and not at once recognising his surroundings. Several I have seen who were so unconscious of the change they have experienced, that it was months before the truth forced itself upon them, and they realised that Earth Life had ended and Life Eternal had begun. Many rouse more quickly.

Some, whose last hours on earth have been filled with suffering, lie quietly as though recuperating; the same as a convalescent patient does. Eventually, all find the new life and begin to adjust themselves to their new environment. Trusting in the guidance of a superior spirit, they soon learn the plans of this life; and learning, find the way to happiness.

A man as he enters this life brings with him a record of his past. Each deed is his; some counting to his credit and some to his debit. A balance is struck; and if his credits equal his debits, he is free to progress; but if the debits exceed the credits, the laborious process of paying off the old debts begins. Each must be paid in full, and each must present a clean slate before a more advanced state can be reached.

Daily I have worked to wash my slate clean; daily I have found something accomplished, with much yet to be accomplished. Much remains to be done. By submitting this account to you, friends on earth, I am gaining a credit that will be my largest pay-

ment on my old debts. Arrangements can always be made to assist earth friends, and this is one of the best ways of earning commendable credits.

UNSEEN FRIENDS

EARTH friends are mortal and need assistance. Oftentimes, a human heart cries out in pain. A good spirit hears the cry and hastens to the mortal's relief, soothing the agony of the hour. Oftentimes, a human heart suffers the hurt of a cruel unthoughtful word spoken in anger by a son or a daughter. A kindly spirit is near to ease the pain and to turn the thoughts away from the wound to the mortal needs of another. Soon the thoughtless word is forgotten and forgiveness comes in place of smouldering anger.

Mortals are seldom free from anxiety. A child is sick. The mortal parents are caused anxiety over its feverish condition. Its cry of pain tortures the mother's heart more cruelly than a cut into her own breast could torture. A spirit hovers near. The child ceases its cry. Its little face is covered by a cool perspiration and soon sleep comes to

quiet its pain; and the mother's heart is eased of pain and suffering.

A rumour of evil is spread causing a human heart to sacrifice many hours of mortal peace. Many unhappy hours are passed with the thoughts of the scandal shut close in the heart. A friendly spirit is at hand; the rumour is ready to pass from mouth to mouth; but suddenly it fails to interest and the mortal memory of it is past.

Sheltered in hearts are many passions capable of marring men's lives. Only the friendly guidance of a spirit keeps the passion darkly hidden and a life free from its ugly stain. Mortals are free to work, to live, to love; but each mortal lives as his good senses say for him to live. If his good senses fail him, his life is a failure, presenting many unworthy deeds and showing many frivolous acts that cause him to be a weak and unwholesome person.

Life is a mysterious force given to mortals. If its forces conquer a man's soul, he sinks into the darkness and shadows of Hell, that undesirable condition of mind, soul and body. If he controls this mysterious force,

life becomes a poem in its beauty and sweetness. Mysterious forces rage a battle in every man's soul; and many struggles are fought to a finish and the soul emerges from the conflict a power and strength before unknown. Many struggle to meet defeat. Strength is lost, and weakness shadows the heart and hopes of man. Many, many struggles are won because a friendly spirit is at hand strengthening, encouraging, upholding in the hour of despair. Many, many conflicts are lost because the soul turns from the spirit and does not in its inner consciousness hear the friendly voice. Most men heed the spirit and hear the voice. When the voice speaks and the soul refuses to hear, a man loses his strength and weakness shares his way of life.

LIFE ETERNAL

MUST I remind you, mothers of men, that your sons who fight and fall on the fields are not lost. Only the mortal body ceases to be. The mind, the soul, the spirit will live on and on, ever increasing in the power to serve men and save them from their own destruction.

A young man full of promise comes into our life. Soon he is busy continuing his studies, preparing himself for a larger experience, and in due time carrying his knowledge back to some similar minded man on earth, who unconsciously receives from his spiritual friend, and the world is enriched by another power.

Mothers need this consolation in the darkness that follows the passing of a son from one life to another. Hearts cry out for the handclasp of the vigorous boy who only yesterday found her hand and pressed it tenderly in his own. Do not forget that his

body is only the house of his soul. Do not forget that the soul is made shining and beautiful by each good act, and is dulled and darkened by misdemeanours. Do not forget that the soul shines in its beauty, reflecting the good; and do not forget that the soul darkens and is hidden by a deed unworthy of a man.

Men reflect each other's souls. A good man reflects the soul of his brother. An evil man reflects the soul of his brother. Mortals are astonished by hearing a man has committed a hideous crime against his friend. Remember he has only expressed his hidden soul; and remember, that for this crime, he must work and save until he can repay his friend.

Different in soul, different in mind, different in spirit, men come into the Life Eternal. Each, in his turn and God's good time, learns his way to happiness. A rough way must be travelled by some, and a pleasant way covered by others; but sooner or later happiness is met.

My own experience has been balanced by pleasure in coming to my secretary and by

communicating with my parents. I have opened a way and I often write letters to my parents, telling many of my experiences here and reminding them of some of my earthly experiences, by way of making my letters seem myself;—not strange and unusual.

My experiences have widened the door. I come into your life frequently bringing with me a message of merit. Desirous as I am to show mothers of our soldiers the way, I cannot open the door too wide, as mortal eyes are permitted to see only a glimpse of our home.

A spirit sees his friends and can serve them, but his friends can only repay him by remembering him with kindly tolerance for his weaknesses, and sharing with others a memory of his nobler strength.

THE VISION

MEN have not as yet cultivated a second vision or spiritual insight into the world which surrounds them. Life is a force pulsating and mysterious. As such, men regard it, but further than that they fail to follow these forces.

If a child is born, it is an occasion of much happiness and the parents are congratulated by their friends on the advent of a son or a daughter. But the mystery of life unfolding before their eyes is not seen. The heart is filled with love, the eyes with pride; but the wonder of a new life is forgotten.

In all life a great and foremost cause exists, the strong, the weak, the animal and the plant live only as the cause is found in them. It is a force like no other. It is the vital principle of being, or life, and is given from the God of us all. His mind, His force is found in each living plant or animal, and

only while His force is working in that growing object does its growth continue. As it is withdrawn, the plant or animal is suddenly found drooping and sick, and its life at an end.

This force began its work when the vital principles of creation were set in motion, and only when it ceases will creation cease to be. God is hourly creating, re-creating, and only short sighted men fail to see the wonders of creation. A child born is Creation's highest achievement. A body, a soul, a mind, a spirit are sent into the world, the body vital and beautiful in its wonder, as the home of the spirit of God. The little child's mind unfolds and startles his parents by his ability. His soul shines out of his eyes with the freshness and sweetness of Heaven.

Gifts, such as a child, are God's best promises to man of the continuity of life. A man and a woman free to choose come together, bearing with them a confidence, each in the other, that abiding together and working together will be for the happiness of both. Winter and summer they must

work together willingly and patiently, ever remembering the virtues of the other that overshadow any human fault. Life is rosy in such a household, and when the child is born, another source of happiness is added to their store. Both are its parents, both have continued to live in the child, both have given to its body, to its soul, to its mind; but only God can give it the spirit. Rosy and pink is the flesh form of the child, which is a delight to the parents. Fresh and beautiful is the spirit which is the desire of God for another being.

Home is a symbol of Heaven, and Heaven is a symbol of home; and where God is, there is Heaven; and only in His presence can a home be created. Each year roses come in the summer months, so each life repeats itself. Generation follows generation. Fathers look with pride upon sons, who in turn look with pride upon their sons, and the continuity of life is without end.

Crushing as the death of a son may be, it is certain to work out in this way. A son must live forever. If he fails to complete his work on earth, an opportunity is given

him to complete his mission in the Life Eternal. His spirit reaches its natural inclination here as it would on earth. A man comes with his purpose unaccomplished, his accounts unpaid, his books unbalanced. In his progress he is amazed to find he can steadily accomplish his unfulfilled purpose, work, and progress as men are constantly doing in Earth Life. Brighter lights are shining as I say, "Men are forever. Men are not given for a few brief years, but are forever."

When life ceases, the Universe ceases and God will not be. It is hard to see the loved son lie still and quiet in his last sleep, but remember his spirit is smiling upon you in your darkness. The touch of his hand is upon you as you stumble along the way after he has left you. Particularly do not forget to listen for his voice in the silence of your own heart, for he may often speak and say, "I am with you. My home is here just as it used to be. Do not cry out for me; only listen; you will hear me speak."

Do not stand amazed at my revealing this to you. My strong desire is to assure you

that a son is forever a son and shares the home. Do not forget his presence with you and you will save your heart its ache and your soul the struggle to endure.

VIBRATION

MYSTERIOUS as our life has often been called, the murky cloud that obscures the vision of human eyes is darker than it ought to be. Many in this life are striving to whiten the way for mortals. Arrangements such as I have with Miss Secretary for communicating, are frequently made by a spiritual friend to speak to his earthly friends. A spirit calling himself a friend is frequently distrusted, because one is astonished to have a message from those who are no longer as he is. A message is often discredited because the mind of the message bearer is not found to be a roadway clear and direct from life to life. If a message is stripped of its marvel, found to be reasonable and purposeful in its content, the earth friend is pleased and looks for the second or even third message.

Messages are sent from our life into your life by what is usually, in your life, termed

wireless telegraphy, or mentioned as thought telepathy; meaning that the mind of one communicates with the mind of another without spoken word or visible means of communication. A mind, vibrating in harmonious relation with mind, may receive a thought, and may prove that thought is vibration sent out in waves, which are formed by delicate atoms upon the surrounding atmosphere, to reach the mind which is its counterpart.

Vibration is a subject deserving the deepest consideration when one is interested in how a message is transmitted from an incarnate spirit to a carnate one. When a spirit comes into harmonious relationship with a person on earth who is willing to receive his communications, a purpose is established between them and messages are successfully transmitted. Vibrations are the connections between life and life. My mental vibrations are such, that connection is established between Miss Secretary and myself, and by my reason of wishing her to write for me, she is influenced to take her

pencil and pad of writing paper and sit quietly prepared to receive.

Her hand is influenced to form the letters on her pad, by the strong stimulus that my mental vibrations have upon the cortical centres which control the motion of her arm and hand. I repeat, her hand is so controlled that it responds as freely to my thoughts as though I still had my physical hand and could write my own letters.

Vibration is the principle of formation of all you see and hear. The atoms of the universe are forever in motion, those of like nature vibrating at the same rate. A low, slow vibration holds in close unison atoms of similar nature, and a solid body is produced. The higher vibrations hold the same atoms in less close unison, and a lighter substance is produced. Still higher vibrations sing in unison producing colour, a musical note, or a heat wave.

Atoms are the infinite division of substance or first principle of matter; and each, seeking its like, creates form or density of substance. A vibrating atom reaches in creation its fellow vibrating atom, and together

a large prime division or molecule is formed. Molecules, uniting, form substance whether it be iron or the heat rays from the sun.

Hard or soft, dense or translucent, sound wave or heat wave, or brilliant colour, all show the speed of its vibrating atoms. So I write to explain that all you see, all you hear, all you think, reasons back to vibrating forces. A thought, vibrating in tune with another thought, comes together; a brilliant idea is the result. Contrary, if the wave is given off by a perverted mind and seeks a wave from another debased mind, the union causes a different scheme to be evolved.

This is my desire, to show you that all thoughts are vibrating forces acting as a prime cause of good and of evil. I make myself plainer by saying that if all our enemies could realise the hurt they are inflicting, the thought force of their nation would evolve to a higher and nobler plane, and peace and harmony would result.

Likewise if only good thoughts were

mind's purposes, soon only good would be apparent in the world.

In a letter to a friend, I wrote at length on molecular vibration and I stand by that explanation of this system of communication. Vibration of sound produces varieties of tones. Some are so vigorous that only noise or unharmonious sounds are produced. The greater the intensity of vibration, the greater the sound rate; the higher the pitch, the harder for the ear to catch the vibration.

Miss Secretary shows a remarkable talent for catching these high vibrations. I wish to send a message. I come to her mental sphere, she is ready with her pencil and paper and I communicate with her exactly as I would speak to her. Writing is produced because it is her mind's ear that hears me, not her physical ear, and her hand is the interpreter of what her mind's ear records.

IN UNIFORM

OLD ideas are scattered by many things I have written. I am the bearer of this message to mothers whose boys are sent out to fight the world's way to happiness.

Better boys have never been brought together. As the call is sent out to them, their hearts beat high with pride; and determination sets the square jaw and fills the eyes with a purpose before unrecognised. Boys at heart but men in purpose, they are pushing forward earnestly; standing for the country which is home and is sacred to them.

Follow them across the Atlantic; speed them with cheers and hearty applause; sing the hymns that all free friends have sung in times of war and in times of peace; hang high the flag as an emblem of what the fight must save; and send them away as free-born citizens, eager and anxious to foster the cause of the nations across the Atlantic.

History is again relating a story of na-

tions arising to assist other nations. Our own weakness in an early time was strengthened by the valiant French. Give strength for that strength; give as they gave, and history shall repeat the promise of liberty, and freedom from oppression and cruelty. History is the book of nations, and on its pages are recorded the valiant deeds of men and the struggles of women for the upbuilding of a country.

Ours is a country stretching from ocean to ocean. Wide and beautiful are its fields where, as summer advances, rich promise of an abundant harvest shall appear. Our mines are deep, and rich in ores and minerals. Sources of wealth are our hundreds of manufacturing plants. The buzzing of wheels proclaims the welfare of a nation. The clip, clip, of cutting the wheat and the corn reveal the strength of our national resources. Gifts like ours are from Heaven's own storehouse, and from our harvest let us help the desolate and hungry friends across the Atlantic. Gifts like ours will increase, as, from our abundance, we give to our

friends. As we give we receive an hundred fold in return.

My wisdom is not my own. It is given me to tell you. The messages I bring to you are words spoken from a superior origin. I only bring them to you and give them to you as a challenge to accept and carry, as a strong man carries his battle to completion.

You cannot fail for Good cannot suffer defeat. Good is a higher power than evil. Good is a mightier force than evil. Good is the mind of God expressed in His world and no force is found equal to His own. A foe may arise against Good, but no foe will ever conquer Good.

Our foe is not a person but a power and a strength, fighting and uprising against families and foundations of nations. The force is a force so evil that much Good will stand against it; and Good cannot fall, so our fight is won. Battles are fought; cities are cast to the ground pouring out the precious blood of our boys; but a prayer is not lost that is sent from the heart of a nation whose life is clean and free from stain of cruelty and oppression.

Good is not strength in warfare, but Good is strength of heart and purpose. To do Good is God's strength of purpose and Evil is conquered by God's forces.

The call of our country is being sounded over all our proud and beautiful territory, and it is being answered by the best of our young manhood. Not only the white men, but the black men and the Indians are following our flag into the territory of our enemy. Guarding our flag on foreign soil is like guarding our honour before God. Nothing is too dangerous for our men to undertake; nothing is to be conquered until they have undertaken great dangers. The balance of power rests between our fine young men and the beasts, our foes.

OVERSEAS

My secretary asks me if I know the boys are leaving for overseas. I am glad she speaks to me like that. She makes me not a stranger to her, but her friend. I come closer to her and I say, "God has promised that only Good has power in His Universe, so our fellowmen shall not fail. A strength will be theirs to win, not to lie in darkness and defeat."

My secretary says a train of men is leaving and speeding away. "Good-bye, old fellows. I send you my strength, my courage, my best, and I pray for my country as I pray for you. May God follow each on his way, and may the power of Good be stronger in the hour of Evil, than the power of Evil. This is my word of farewell and I say, 'Good-bye, old fellows, just smile and see the sunshine ever in the depth of darkness and evil shadows.' "

I take my hand, I place it upon my heart,

I bow my head and I say, "God is the God of Glory and Honour. Deeds of Glory and Honour are his children's. Blessed are the lads in God's honourable service; blessed are the sailors, the soldiers, the friends, and the fond women who stand by with gripping hearts, but heads held high."

BOOKS

MYSTERIOUS as the place spiritual friends inhabit appears to earthly friends, I may say this for your enlightenment. Many earthly conditions are only suitable to earthly purposes and would be useless in this life. Books, for instance, are more important to our existence than to yours. A good book reveals the soul of its author in all its purity and strength, illuminating the pages with much that will enlighten the reader. Good books are seldom written for men alone but for the use of spiritual friends. The substance, so to speak, of the book is at our command. We may use the knowledge and the wisdom contained in its pages as fully as though the knowledge has already been our own.

Mortals must strive and study often laboriously over a deeply hidden subject, but with us a book is like an illumination. Its best comes like a flash of light across our

minds and forthwith the knowledge is ours.

Mortals must wearily wear out both body and soul to accumulate riches, but the riches of all the ages are ours to enjoy—the poetry, the romance of nations, the arts, the sciences, the music, the architecture, the famous statues, and the glorious paintings. Money is only an accumulation of worldly wealth, but our wealth is of the enduring kind for it enriches the soul, the mind, the heart, and proves invaluable in our progression to a higher state.

Books are the companions of mind and heart when all other comradeship has failed to satisfy. A good book is then chosen and a chair selected, fitted to the comfort of the reader, and it is not long before he is lost to all surrounding sights. Months may pass without an hour to absorb morsels of desired information, but in such a chair and such a mind, a man continues to read until the grey dawn is clearing away the darker shadows of the night.

This is a picture of the structures that surround me in the Life Eternal. As you need a house for your comfort and conve-

nience so we have houses, but not the physical structures to which you are accustomed. We enjoy the house, have use for it, yet in structure it is not a solid body. It is the home spirit that we love. The essentials are with us: the cheer, the comfort, the convenience of a home, but no structure formed of the usual building material is seen.

Great cities form a part of your social and economic life, and men strive to overpower the law of gravity in constructing buildings that cut the clouds of Heaven in two parts. In our life we see the art and the beauty of the structure, have the pleasure of the building as a comfortable home, or a place of community gathering like a club house in your life; but no solid stone enters into the construction of the pile.

Each life has its use for buildings. Your life makes use of ore, stone, and combinations of solids to construct buildings. Our life takes the beauty and the character of the building and appropriates them to our use.

Stone or cement buildings cease to be material with us, but the purpose and the con-

venience of such buildings remain ours forever.

Miscellaneous objects that cause men great strife to accumulate, lose their value once the object is stripped of its original use. So I say to you, we enjoy the purpose of an object while you enjoy the object itself. Nothing has a value to us that is not beautiful and useful, and we do not value its price but its intrinsic worth.

A curtain hangs across the doorway dividing life from life. If my explanations are not entirely satisfactory to you, remember I am sharing with you a part of our life that many fail to understand. Covering the doorway with a curtain may seem inhospitable to earthly friends, but some there are who would linger too long if they were asked to enter. Covering the doorway may hide the entrance; but, friends, the entrance is to be found, and chosen friends who find it look within, but do not enter.

There are different needs for different lives. Try to understand that we use only the comforts and conveniences of houses and books, and do not need their substance.

Blind men cover their eyes to shade them from a sunbeam's merciless ray; so God protects the eyes of those whose lives are still needed to share earth with its beauty, work, and education with other men. Different men need different influences to make them fitted for life's best deeds. My mission is to tell you that each man must live out his life whether on earth or in the Life Eternal.

Brave men fight on in this life assisting earth friends in their struggle. Weak men need the help of strong men here as would a weak man need a friend on earth.

LITTLE MARY

As a little child has become my constant companion since coming into the Life Eternal, I could not let the opportunity pass to give mothers the consolation that a description of this child would be to them.

As a young man I had not paid much attention to children. Occasionally in my practice I came in contact with little children but only for a while at a time. I was never especially interested in them aside from the interest I took in them as patients. Moods of children often annoyed me, and I found it difficult to be as patient with them as my position as a physician demanded of me.

How I came to be so proud of my friendship with a child in this life is a matter of some importance; as many little children come into the Life Eternal and find friends older than themselves to assist them, and be to them what an earthly parent might have been.

My friendship with Mary has developed into a paternal feeling. I am her father, in the sense that I guide her and assist in her studies.

When I had not been long in this life, I, one day, came upon her sitting quite by herself and sobbing; for she had just come, and her mind was filled with thoughts of the home, the father and the mother she had left. I made her acquaintance and gradually I was able to quiet her and bring a smile to her face. Her delight in a story I could relate was pleasing. Soon she was cuddled in my arms and her little tired head fell against my shoulder; her body relaxed and she fell into a quiet repose. She rested like this a number of days, for her coming to our life had been preceded by a long sickness, and her sleep was needed to repose and refresh her spirit.

Her awakening was a pleasure to me for I was at once her friend, and I soon settled into the routine of overseeing her as many an earthly father has to do.

Her smiles are my happiness, and her faults my despair. I find her somewhat of

a trial at times for it is hard to see her do wrong without correcting her, and still harder for me to work out a reproof that will not offend her sensitive little soul and cause her eyes to moisten with tears. Gentle reproof is not always effective, so at times I find myself sorely tried with her.

She is studying as she did when she left Earth Life. Her lessons are of an elementary nature and I am her tutor, so to speak. I offer her a suggestion or a hint and so stimulate her mind to reason and spontaneous action. Lessons are hard to learn when one would rather dance and whistle, follow a frisky little squirrel to his hiding-place, or carry a bunch of flowers to an elderly friend.

Singing and scampering in the sunshine, dancing and calling to her little companions, ready for a story or a long ramble through the fields, sometimes a mischief, sometimes a saint, sometimes a little naughty, she never really is unkind. Best friends are often like this, loving each other in stormy weather, so I love her in her little tempests, and save her despair in all the ways I can.

Frequently, as I am busy with my work or dictating as I often do to Miss Secretary, a letter to one of my parents or an earthly friend, little Mary is close beside me. Sometimes she folds her fingers over Miss Secretary's and asks if she may write a little letter.

I would praise her as a child more than I have done but should I do so, you might smile and say I was like many other men. I am influenced in my judgment because the child is my particular charge, and I see only her wonderful little ways and fail to see her as she really is.

Friends, rough men and gentle women, I write of little Mary that you may see in her the little child who has stolen away from your home and found the Life Eternal. Just as she left you, she is, only advancing in her studies, progressing in mind and spirit, and strange as it may seem to you, increasing in stature with the years.

Bright every little girl ought to be, but little Mary has not only a bright, quick mind, but a deep intelligence that is satisfying to an older person. Sometimes I read to

her the book I happen to be studying for my own improvement. She listens and astonishes me by a sudden and unexpected remark in regard to what I am reading.

Sometimes as I cuddle her up to me and pinch her cheek, she smiles and says, "Be my big monkey and scamper up a tree" or, "Be my hundred big bears and growl like they did in the forest." After a while she cuddles close to my shoulder and says, "Now you are just like my papa used to be and I love you as I do him." Such beasts as monkeys and bears are fairy tales to her, and I have to impersonate the desired one at any time. When playtime is past and lessons are pushed to one side, I marvel that I am not mentally exhausted, yet I feel stronger and better for my companionship with a little girl.

Do children play as she plays on earth? I protest they do, only fathers are occupied with the business of the hour and do not share the sweetness and the sunshine with their little ones. They provide them with nurses and governesses; but one provision is neglected; they fail to provide them with

affection and companionship that only they themselves have to give.

Do children need a picture book? I would say a book is only needed to show them the way to fairyland and in that marvellous place of children, they create their own pictures and playmates which older eyes may fail to see. Gradually from the land of fairies, they return to us, but life is sweeter and brighter because of acquaintance in that mysterious realm. Mary, child, friend, and companion, smiles and in her smile I find my inspiration.

Mary is a student of nature and as such follows a bird into the heart of the woods. As the bird finds its home, she is delighted to see the nest, the nestlings, and the mother bird as she feeds her young. A song bird calls in the sunshine, and Mary leaves her lesson without my permission and dances after it, following it from a great distance and calling to it to wait for her.

Many such incidents come up during a study hour and often her mind is far away for she hears the imaginary voices of the fairies, the call of a bird, or the babbling

sound of the brook. Do not imagine that Mary can wander out into the woods away from her lessons without a deserved reprimand. Often her astonishment is great when she finds her punishment consists in not having a promised story or not having a promised trip into the far away woods. Birds and flowers call her, and her whole heart responds; but the value of books, the correct spelling of words, and the problems of arithmetic must not be put aside. Studies make the mind responsive and alert and deepen the native intelligence of the student.

Books are the mind's best food and from their substance great mental strength is developed. So early mental habits grow. Should a child fail to read and learn to love good books in childhood, no desire for good reading would be his in later life.

A child's mind is clear and beautiful and only the mouth of angels should teach him the lessons of life. But human hearts are often angel hearts, and mothers show strange likenesses to angels.

Mary's wide eyes see the book before her

but her sight is upon a far away playmate, or sail in the distance. Cover her eyes with my hands and she still sees far away but I must be patient and teach her to read and enjoy. Caught in her inattention, she promises to be more attentive. When the lesson is finished, I promise to walk with her. Would not you do the same? Would not you reason with her and teach her to be studious and also promise her the walk with you later on?

If I have patience, with intelligent purpose, to show her the way over the difficulties of learning, she will find the life of a book as beautiful as she now finds the lives of birds and flowers.

I may choose other friends for a moment, but her friendship is my happiness.

THE PHYSICIAN

WITH the companionship of books, children, and a few friends who have deserted Earth Life as I have done, I have made myself comfortable and continue my work as I had it begun. While my practice as a physician is in reality ended, I am often of assistance in the dark days when a patient still in Earth Life fails to respond to the consoling words spoken by the attending physician. I step into the room, say not a word but by my presence add to the spirit of confidence and encouragement that is essential to the patient's welfare.

Cultured people often turn to Christian Science, and considerable mystery is said to surround a case that is successfully treated by a practitioner of that faith. The mystery is nil when one discovers that confidence and courage are essentials to all recovery; and Christian Scientists particularly treat by strong mental suggestions, that

all is well and God's hand is not laid upon any one in a harsher manner than he can endure.

Distinguished physicians of all schools resort to statements of courage, and reassure the patient even in the face of grave danger. Both patient and physician feel the subtle influence of my presence but neither could say that another purpose had been added to his own.

As I put my strength into the conflict against disease, I add an element of courage and assurance that makes a change in the patient's mind, and an hour's time shows an astonishing change in his condition. Bright and strong the smile comes over his face. Nothing really has been changed in the physician's treatment; only the influence of another physician, whose time is now spent in doing just such acts of kindness, is added to the case.

Might I say Miss Secretary is a physician? I have often gone with her over the pathway that leads a patient from sickness back to health. Never a more intelligent

physician than she is, but sometimes her courage is failing and she might stand in her patients' way to recovery if I did not influence them to a brighter vision.

Busy as I find myself, I often wish I had time to accomplish more; for sickness and heartaches are scattered over our broad country, and the lives of our people are cast over with shadows in the war days of our nation.

Do citizens of my life forget those of your life? I am proud to say, "No, we do not." But often you of Earth Life think of us as so far away that we are outside the events and happenings of your daily life. East and west, north and south continue to live as one nation, but Heaven and earth are separated by a door that will swing open only a little way to let you have a peep into our life. Bolts are seldom used to keep out friends, so our doors are never bolted but stand open to admit each friendly visitor. Do not creep away in the darkness and cry out in your sorrow over the soldierly son who has come to our life. Rather see glory

in his departure, as a man whose life is God's, and given in God's cause, is an honour to himself, to his family, to his country, and God's purpose is his forever.

THE BRIDGE

Boston stands out as my former home but no city now comes as near being my home as the little city where Miss Secretary has hers. It is far distant from Boston, but I find I enjoy it fully as much as I did that city.

My home stands for my mother, and my mother may be in the Summerland, or Boston; but wherever she is quietly settled, I feel at home. A large hotel or a quiet apartment are the same to me, provided I find her contented with reading, writing, and the usual knitting that seems to occupy a great deal of her time.

My secretary seems like myself as I write. Her hand is given to my control and I use it as I might have once used a fountain pen. Whither I push it, the hand responds. My words are written as accurately as if I had a physical hand and held my pen to write my own thoughts. Whither I push

her hand, it offers no resistance and my writings are words of my own volitional action.

Different lines of thought keep coming in as I write. I speak of the quiet little city that is Miss Secretary's home. Men of many nationalities live close by and soldiers are afield, straight and strong in their splendid manhood. Men share men's honours but cities have an honour of their own. Country on one side, country on another side, the wide fields filled with soldiers' huts on another, and the scene is one of great interest to myself.

Gradually I have turned from my preference of a great city to a decided liking for a small city. I find crowds are disturbing and I become confused in the turmoil of a great city. I find myself enjoying the simpler sights and pleasures of a city like Miss Secretary's home.

A bridge with solid foundation crosses a stream and the busy feet of hundreds pass over in safety. Let one stone in the foundation crumble and the bridge is destined to settle and the passageway become unsafe. If

one stone in the way from earth to Heaven is unsound, the whole structure is distrusted. Some who have crept across occasionally to keep in touch with friends on this side, fail to come again. But my bridge is solid, I offer you a safe return and I offer you this entrance into our life. God may cover the doorway with a curtain, but you may come to the curtain and we will meet you there. Down stream or up stream, nowhere is there a struggle that our strength cannot benefit. So, friends, put confidence in the unseen forces and God's good spirits will be friendly to you.

Mother, I have widened the hinge. The door swings a little further open, and while it will never swing wide open to your earthly gaze, it will allow you to peep into this life and reason from what you see that which remains to be seen.

OUR HERITAGE

MEN are the outpouring of the lives of their progenitors. Far in the mists of dawning time, the life of each person began to be. Gathering a little here, a little there, bringing from that distance a strength and from another distance a weakness; strength overcrows at one time, mighty and powerful; and at another time weakness shows forth in its depravity and covers for the time the glory of being strong.

Crowning a hilltop is a big rock that was placed there as a monument to the first men who braved the Atlantic and reached the shores of America to establish a home for themselves and their families. Such strength as theirs is a heritage of many Americans; but as time passed a mingling of weaker generations has brought about a less sturdy race. Blindness and sorrow have come with weakness, and a strange company now stands where formerly our

brave forefathers stood. Blood of strong men has joined the blood of weaker families and our present American stock has come into existence.

Cover the distance from the landing of our forefathers to the present day, and down the pages of history you will find the mention of many fine men and gracious women; and side by side appear the names of weaker men and women.

God's strong men find women strong or weak; but the union of their lives brings about another generation which perfect God controls as to spirit, but men and women control as to flesh and form.

Be worlds as they are; be parents as they are; be children as they exist; I take no credit for myself. I write, a man is only a man because he has been the son of all his antecedents, of all his undesirable generators, of all his kin from the beginning of time. No one is the production of one hour, one day, or one century.

On over the worlds of sorrow, sunshine, and love, come the common traits, the common ways and knowledge of men; but the

decision comes when the friends of youth unite to found a shelter for themselves and call it home.

Over the home a common wave of human feeling passes and a child is born. Born of the two young people who have come from where the sunshine, the shadows, the love, the wisdom, the folly, the weakness, the strength, the good, the evil, the doubts, the fears of life have composed their minds and souls, and moulded their hearts for good or evil. To their children are passed all these and many other distinguishing characteristics, and from the muddle a new life takes its shape. Calling to the future, weary from the past, a child wrings from the world the causes for his being. Such as I have been; such as you have been; such as my father has been; is the record I left behind. Perfection is never a part of life, so I say to be perfection's child, one must be born of angels.

THE SEED

WINTER is past. To-day, the sunshine is bright and the air is clear, and summer seems close at hand. A bird calls to its mate in the treetops which are yet bare of their summer covering, and life seems to be awakening in the minds and hearts of all God's creatures. A field is warm and soft in the sunshine; the seed is sown and soon germination begins in the seed and the life of the plant is begun.

Life is forever continuous. A muddy field ploughed and dragged for cultivation is covered with seeds. Deserted by men, the seeds unfold their marvellous life story. A seed is a history of life, and such a history is forever created afresh, when spring time and seed planting are at hand. A brighter hour is at hand, my dear earth friends, for in the renewal of the life of the seed see the renewal of the life of the boy who has passed from Earth Life to Life Eternal.

A seed is planted in the garden and there is hidden for a period of time, germinating and reconstructing itself to take on a new form of life and activity. A boy, strong and vigorous, falls on the battlefield. His seed had not yet been sown, his life had not been continued in the life of either a son or daughter. The same law holds for him as for others—his life is continuous. God's plan goes forward, not backward, and his life is not lost to future generations.

His period of recreation begins when he enters our life. When the hour is at hand for the new life to over-shadow the old, he stands straight and strong, ready to do the work assigned to him. The seed sends forth its roots, its leaves and finally its blossoms. According to the variety of plant, from the blossom or flower the fruit is constructed. The fruit has its uses for future generations of the plants, or for food for the needs of men. God's plan is forever and forever. The same scheme is seen both with plants and with boys.

Coming into our life stripped of earthly bodies, only the sweet spirit, the genial soul,

the educated mind remains, cultured by much reading, or murky with sin. All the personality is preserved, and the entrance is made just where the exit from life took place. Cover the seed in the warm, moist soil to find a few days later a tiny plant. Cover the strong body of a boy in the earth's sweet cradle, and the spirit pants and sighs for its uprising into the Life Eternal.

Fine, strong men face the dangers of battle but only the physical form is wasted on the battlefield. God reserves the spirit as His own, and destruction falls short of destroying the soul or personality. Seeds, recreation, or life forever, call it as you are accustomed to, but the vital principle of life is the same.

Continuous in one form or another, flower time, fruit time, returning seed time, each in rotation follows out the life history into another seed creation. Brighten your smiles as I say this to you, "No son is lost for as the seed recreates its kind in form and in purpose, the boy fulfils his purpose either on earth or in the Life Eternal."

God reaches out and touches a shoulder.

It is straightened; the head is held higher; the eyes reflect a clearer vision; and a prouder man is not to be found in the long line on parade. God touches the heart of a woman, and her life is lifted to the entrance of Heaven, there to stand and serve her fellowmen. God raises such above the level of other souls and sets them apart to do the work needed in the crisis of our country's history.

Such is the promise of the returning spring. A marvellous revelation is at hand. Watch it as returning summer comes to the earth. I bring to you a vision that I have caught in Heaven and my mission is to reveal it to you. Gladly have I spoken to you to show you a brighter hour and share with you my conclusions that I have made during my Life Eternal.

As the summer brings the harvest, the promise is made to each earthly friend, that marvellous promise covering a mysterious life, that all men, whether citizens of earth or of Heaven, shall fulfil their life history. To complete a plan is God's way, so all things are pushed to completion.

First a seed, then a plant, then fruit producing more seed, and the progression is forever continued. First a soul, then a body, then another body to another soul, then the body is deserted, and the soul freed from earthly existence lives on forever.

SERVICE

SERVICES to God are services to one's country. In the hour of conflict that service is the noblest which sends a son to the call of the Bugle.

As the soldier strikes his heavy blow in battle, another blow must be struck upon the iron in a distant forge. A steamship must hasten overseas to carry the products of many busy mills. The farmer must catch the echo from the distant battle, harrow his fields, scatter his seeds, and prove his flag means liberty and freedom from oppression.

Service is for the fighter; service is for the factory labourer; service is for the farmer and his sons; and service is for the sick and the wounded.

Countries' needs are seen on every hand. One country is calling for the wheat that our fields must yield, and another country is asking for our charity in food and simple

little clothes for children—children caught in warfare and destroyed by strong, embittered men. Another country asks for our coal and our iron ore. From our wealth, we must send our friends the necessary provisions if their hearts are to keep brave and their bodies strong to fight.

Better service could not be ours than to give from our fields the sweet corn and the golden wheat, and from our country's ore beds give as a precious gift the iron, the coal, and the copper. Such gifts are from God and he has given lavishly to our country; so we, in turn, must give bountifully to our friends across the seas.

From coast to coast, from Gulf to Great Lakes, "service" is the watchword of the hour. From coast to coast, from Gulf States to the five Great Lakes, men work; and "service" is the worker's iron challenge to the enemy overseas. Differing only in character, each gives to his country and each receives the badge of royal service. Could claws, caught in a shawl, cling closer than the enemy's claws are clinging to our garments? Could the claws of a frenzied ani-

mal clutch deeper into the muscles and sinews of our national life than the claws of our frenzied enemy?

God's service is the plough, the reaper, the furnace, and the forge. God's service is the sustaining of life's vital course for the worker, and for men in the field of battle. God has given each his place to fill; and only as each succeeds in doing his part, will the war be accomplished in honour, and in victory to good men.

Men shall stand in the presence of the God of us all and say, "I have won because You have led me. I have fought because it was Your battle. I have carried my weapon because it was given me by Your hand. I have prayed because You have listened."

Men commerce each with the other in war's dark days, and a kindly spirit of brotherhood and spiritual courage is seen in their eyes. Brothers at all times, but in the awful days of conflict, the ties of brotherly companionship draw them closer together. Such calls as are heard on every side must

be answered. Such needs as are seen must be supplied. Men must shoulder a rifle, man a ship, or fire a furnace to bring to Christian people a peaceful and guarded home.

God has a service for each. Take your charge in the strife and stand at your post of duty. One shall bear a rifle; one shall plant a field of grain; another shall forge a wheel for a wagon; and still another shall build a battleship. But a greater service is the service in the home, for a greater victory rests with our loyal women, who will not only send their boys into this horrible warfare; but they, themselves, will serve by standing true and brave behind the firing lines, bearing the burden of war unflinchingly in self-denial and in torture of heart. Nothing will be too hard for these women to do. Nothing will be a burden if only they can help the service of our flag. Such is the privilege that God gives to each man and woman and such privileges are good to carry to completion. Out of the strife shall come a fairer nation, a brotherhood of many nations and God's peace shall smile on all.

When mortal hearts are challenged to sustain home and friendly nations overseas, the strongest and the weakest, the richest and the poorest make answer as one voice.

SON

How sunshine brightens the earth to-day !
Long, cold winter has passed and summer is
close at hand. The sun is higher in the
southern skies and the clear air is filled with
many fragrant odours. The fresh earth gives
off an aroma that only the planting season
can give. The chorus of spring birds is
heard over the marshes, and close by, the
message-bearer of spring is seen—the robin,
strong and splendid after his annual holiday
in a warmer climate. Budding branches are
smartly showing their hidden treasures and
charm our hearts with their message of com-
ing summer.

Yesterday, it was dark and cold ; to-day,
the mysterious stir of life is felt in all cre-
ation. Buds and birds, busy out-of-doors
show the promised spring is coming. Brisk
winds clear away the soil of winter ; and the
soft spring rains are a sheer delight. Books
are written more to show the way than to

be the way; so turn away from books and keep your eyes open, your ears in harmony, and the summer will soon announce its glorious presence. Do not be blind in days like these. Open your eyes and keep step to the music of spring.

As a shadow falls across the doorway, the heart is clouded. Son is not coming in as he used to come. But, Weary One, remember, he sees the spring and its beauty; he catches the call of the bird; he stirs to the music of returning life. Cover a cloud that has crossed your pathway with a splendid smile and hold up your head, for Son is with you. The bright days are his to enjoy, and the purple sunset fills his mind with memories of fishing and boyhood sports.

Down the street, you hear some one calling and you start to answer as the voice is like his own; but rather wearily, you catch yourself and say, "No, that is not Son's voice. It is another mother's son." Listen, Son speaks to you. He is not far away to-day, he is close by you. Did he enter as you turned away to hide your tears? You did not hear his footstep but he came in and

stood close beside you, as you remember he had a habit of doing and speaking close in your ear before you realised his presence at your side. Doors do not keep him from entering. He is with you, and as his old pal, Sport or Duke, stretches out his lazy body in the sunshine, Son gives him a rough and tumble push out of his way.

Come, dear Mother, this is still Son! Lonely you are; but he also is lonely. Come receive him into his old place once again. Whiter your hair has grown since his face is not seen. When he went away, you were as pretty and sweet as many of his girlish companions, but now you speak quietly; you do not smile; you sit by the hour looking down the street, watching and expecting that the next boy who appears around the corner will whistle his old familiar tune. That car that passed just now made your heart stand still. It made a noise so like his used to do when he whizzed into the driveway. Weary are you, Mother dear, lonely in the spring hours? Boys over here are lonely too, spring is homesick time with us as well as with you.

Grave-minded ministers will say, "Heaven is happiness," but Son says to you, "Home and Mother are Son's happiness now as they used to be." Might Son speak out loud; he would say, "Mother, I am home." Give him his opportunity to speak in the quiet chamber that is his and yours, and which is hidden deep in your heart. Cover its entrance and let no one find it but himself. In its secret recesses, let him often speak to you and hear your reply. Good memories are for him, and as he promised when he left you, he is both a Soldier and your Son.

Springtime on earth and in Heaven!
Springtime in our life and in your life!
Beautiful sunshine in earth and in Heaven,
beautiful with its promise of coming summer!
Curious signs of returning life surround you. See my message hidden in a bursting bud, in a robin's egg, and in a hidden seed. Returning life is at hand, so Son returns to hasten the hour when you may see out into the Life Eternal and follow your Son striving and failing, starting over

again to accomplish his stunt this time, and being Son right over again.

Blows a cool wind against your cheek to-day and its gentle pressure is his kiss against your face. Blows a sweet song into your room from out-of-doors, and it is his call to you. Blows a horn in the distance, made clear in the spring air, and the note brings Son home again.

Brave woman, praise God that marvelous as my message may seem, I have found a way to bring it to you.

BITS FROM THE LETTERS OF KENDALL LINCOLN ACHORN

Love

Love, my dear father, is an expression of merit, honour and strength. I express all by saying, "I send you love." Language fails me, I write, "Goodbye."

Courage

Courage is the same as carrying a heavy heart and smiling brightly when it hurts to smile at all. I beg you to smile and those about you will admire the courage and the strong-hearted strength that you show to them.

Devotion

Each hour I am with Gwenny, each prayer I make is in behalf of her soul. Each tear is a rose leaf that falls from the dead roses

in her heart; but I am not a miser, I do not wish her all.

Culture

Undone by scholars, culture shows by this omen: A man is cultured when his heart is sweet as a little child's and his spirit is the spirit of goodness, love, and purity. Much culture often makes a man feel a difference over his neighbours; but the culture I refer to, makes a man a better neighbour and a kinder friend.

A Man

As I progress in my spiritual life I find that a man is one strong in spirit, one strong in mentality, one strong in the hour of temptation, one strong in financial reverses, one strong in sorrow, one delightful in pleasure, one a good friend—never a good fellow. A man is a man who can floor his adversary either in business or in a sparring match.

Egotism

Egotism reaches, enters mysteriously into a soul, touches its core, and leaves it blighted.

I say, "Push it from you." A promise is spoken to whomsoever succeeds in so doing; good will enter in its place; peace and quiet will find cover where once only hubbub reigned. Blood enters each as a heritage, a rich one if free from stain of egotism; but a debt, if egotism colours its stream.

Friendship

Oh, a friend is a friend to me, and I pride myself that you are my friend. The companionship was remarkable that we experienced, and I write this letter to you to revive in your heart the old close association which we enjoyed.

Right smiles upon your pathway. I wave my hand to you and bid you a crossing of life's seas that shall not be rough and shall not be smooth; but western and eastern winds variable enough to make the voyage seem misty in places, sunshiny in spots, and stormy occasionally to show your spunk. Receive my shirt cuff-studs as a remembrance of my sincere affectionate regard for you.

Happiness

Happiness is a matter of vision, of love, of peace, of goodly morals, of kindly words, and of pleasant seeds planted in ugly ground to bring forth a harvest of good. No one creates happiness for another. Only a soul reflecting the eternal love of God is happy. God, good, or love is many times created as a furious force punishing evil doers. I remark to you, God is the primal force of all that is good; all that is pure; all that is holy; and reflections of His goodness and purity into our own souls bring our peace and happiness. I pray that my eyes may reflect the vision, that I may give it to you, to Mother, and to my friends.

The Way To Peace

My spiritual progression is my way to peace. Until I can progress, I must be without hope of a brighter, higher, and happier life. Digging up old offences is like coughing up an old consumptive accumulation. The process is not very congenial to me. I would be glad to be without the process, but it is necessary to my cure.

A Debt

Dozens come to our final state; some in whiter repose than is placed upon others. But such as have been given to stirring up strife or have saddened the hearts of their children, must wish, one time or another, to work out the debt that is upon their heads. My Aunt will see care crease over her and will see her children's lives brightened. Rude as I am, I say, her hell will probably be to witness the way in which their hands are soothed and rested now that her destiny is accomplished.

Balancing Accounts

Many men do not feel that it is wrong to drink a little, to smoke a little too much, to eat unduly, and to prey upon the lives of others. They consider that these are only a few little pleasures that are rightfully theirs. With each under-the-shadow pleasure a man is charged. To this account he credits his better characteristics and noble deeds, trying to offset the account of errors and bad deeds. When the balance is struck,

if he is the creditor, he will progress rapidly; but if he is the debtor on the balance sheet, each debt must be paid. Time and patience must be spent in paying them until the account is closed. Balance for balance, unclosed accounts must be rendered accurately.

The Uniform

Brown and grey are the uniforms. Prince and pauper, soldier and seamen prize the uniform and serve the countries across the Atlantic Sea. Brown and grey uniforms, rifles and heavy-set guns powerful in their action, are saviours of friends, nations and sea.

The Surgeon

Raw will be the winter days that are to come. Raw will be the winter winds that will cover over the sons of America in their platoons of war. If the best of men give their sons, shall not the best of physicians give what little they can in the care of the sons of America?

The Victor

Good is the God of us all, be he poor or rich, man or woman. Good is the one God, father and creator of us all. No power can overcome the Good in the Universe, so no evil shall ever be the Victor in this horrible warfare. Good shall light the way for the footsteps of our soldiers. The hands of strong men shall pour out coins to history's greatest conflict. Good is a mighty force stronger than Evil, men, or coins. Good is a force like no other power. Good is the force of God in men's strong hands, so shall God make men command the forces of Evil.

The Conflict

I have often regretted not being able to do my part in this horrible conflict that is now convulsing all the greatest nations of the earth. Boys, in care-free lives, are hurried into this darkness and made to stand face to face with hell's most terrible facts. I weep over their recognition of hell. It wakes them up to its horrors at too early an age.

Strength of Right

Creation is in confusion. Creation is withering and twisting on its very foundations, and pouring out the blood of strong sons like wine upon carefree voyagers. War is raging in all creation. I can only answer your question by saying, "The Right is always stronger than the Wrong, so Right will prevail."

A Changed World

Hundreds of changes face buoyant spirits in these days of conflict. Hundreds of changes are forcing into the lives of communities. Life has faced about and the silly world is looking its folly squarely in the face. Hundreds of curious facts are revealed, and I consider the day is at hand when a spirit is wiser than a man; for spirits see deeply into the hearts of men.

The Triumph

Duty comes as a privilege to serve God's righteous men who are our sailors and soldiers winning the cause of righteousness.

Duty is facing each and every one. I pray to see our fellow-beings the winners in the strife; I pray to see right overcome wrong; good repel evil; and honour shine over brutality. Such a prayer covers the righteous way of life, and only right is with God. Right will usurp the stand of wrong. God shows no equality between wrong doing and right doing. Only right doing crowns the days of men.

My Winchester

I have a Winchester in my material accumulations, and I have often wished it could be a gun in action. My munitions are not like other men's. I must only do my sincerest work in action by curious correspondence reaching within the agonising hearts of mothers, fathers, wives and sisters who are sharing our country's ruinous warfare.

I cannot fire my Winchester, I cannot put my hand to a rifle and send out a report; but I can, curiously, report to Mother and to you my welfare; and you can report to many in whose homes despair has been caused by war's ruinous progression.

Burdens fall upon mothers' hearts; wives are separated from their husbands, and fathers come to realisation that a man is ready whom he was seeing as only a little boy. Brighten your countrymen by the marvelous revelations I have spoken to your hearts. Do not turn away, but aid others. The rule is to give all mortals consolation and realisation that a son is one who is always a son, whether in Earth Life or in Life Eternal.

Mystery surrounds the form of a departed boy, but the mystery is solved when a son repeatedly words a bright and curious letter to say he is still active, living, and as he formerly was, spiritual, and repealing sins.

The Smile

Beauties of the sky and sea are one of Nature's opportunities to see the smile of God reflected. Blue or purple, red or rose, whichever the sky is, the sea reflects—blue skies and blue seas, purple clouds and dark seas. White clouds and sunny lights over

the water are like shimmering precious stones.

Withered Roses

Some odour of roses is hidden in your soul.
Roses are wise. They stay ever on earth.
When they wither and fade, they hide their
beauty in the soul of a woman.

A Christmas Wish

December 21, 1917.

Merrily I write as Miss Secretary says, "Kendall Achorn, it is Christmas." I am delighted she spoke to me about sending my personal expression of goodwill to my parents, to my little Gwenny, to my friends wherever they may be, across the seas or in the world of military action. I can, earnestly, express my wishes for the season's best wealth of love to be distributed among my comrades and dear friends. L. Achorn.

A Curious Fact

About health, wealth, and happiness; curious, men are all after wealth; women want

happiness; and nobody pays any attention to health until they have spoiled the good health they had.

A Curious Instrument

The tongue is a curious instrument. The tongue speaks in corresponding relation to smiling lips or to cross angry frowns on the countenance of the speaker. The tongue is a curious bit of mechanism. It will respond to the desires of the human mind. Divide my argument and you will see I have said something worth recalling.

A Kashmir Rug

Did you surmise that Lustrous Lady wants that old rug you sent her? She is just like that rug in a hundred ways—curious in design, wasted in some ways, and with much that is original and very exquisite about her. Did you send the Scarab to Curious Lady because she is as mysterious as the old monk who moulded it into its original form?

Every rug has a sacred memory in its maker's mind. Old rugs carry that sacredness with them and hallow the home into which they are taken. Curious in pattern, worth a coin or so, worked into it is the romance of a company of wanderers of the coast of Smyrna. Hundreds have spoken of its design, and so it is a sacred duty to keep cherishing it as long as it will stay in one piece.

Little Mary

Mary dug a small hole into my cheek with her finger. She was making a cave to fill up with her good little smiles, and dug her shoulder into my shoulder to keep as close to me as she could. Do you wonder I love her? She is so good, and often so naughty, I wonder which she is, good or bad. "Dutchman," I often call her, to see her smile. And I write this: She is as beautiful as a white flower and as sweet as a rose, but as naughty as a spirit of a mighty bad boy. Give her dear little soul your blessing, and I will thank you for loving her.

Miss Secretary

Crave your pardon, Miss Secretary, for saying all this out loud; but as a companion I have found you, as I have said you are, a small child and a woman, a cuss and a saint, a revelation and a doubt, a real woman and a changeling child, as sweet as a rose in mid-summer, as book-loving as a student should be, as roguish as an evil spirit, as calm as the sky at sunrise.

And So Remember Me

Do not forget that I am always walking along life's pathway with you; never lingering behind, but always accompanying you, especially if the pathway is difficult. Do not forget that a man's spirit is the eternal God within himself. Do not mention my name with tears but rather with smiles wreathing your countenances. Do not forget my faults, they were just like the faults of many other men. Do not hold my memory too sacred for that would make a saint of me. I only wish to be remembered as a person sociable by instinct, tainted a little by too

much sociability at times, gathering too many joyous friends about me, shattering an ideal or two, and whirling through the country at a rapid rate of speed.

Do not think of me as a spirit. I am just a boy again. Do not think of me as a pained and unhappy person. I am fully adjusted to my present condition. I am favourably situated in this life, and I am progressing as rapidly as it is usual for a young man to progress who had no previous education in regard to the Life Eternal. Do not feel that I speak in criticism of my education, for that is not my intention; I am remarking only that my education did not follow me into the Life Eternal.

A ladder is set against a wall. I must climb that ladder to the very top before I can climb over the wall. I must try to climb the steep ladder, and as I go up, round by round, I leave behind me the various characteristics and attributes that I possessed, that made for error in my previous life.

Give me the same companionship that I formerly enjoyed in you. Give me an hour of your time. Send me a letter occasionally.

Handle me just as you once did. Converse with me freely. Speak to me of the commonplace things of your life. Tell me of the old friends and neighbours. Give me the latest news and the bits of society gossip. I would rather have you say you are well and happy, than that you are lonely and ill. Come to my secretary. Let me speak to you directly as I have done so recently to E. K. That would save me much writing and give yourself much consolation.

The Kingdom

Kingdom of Heaven is at hand just as a friend is always with you in your hour of trial. This consciousness of God's presence should be a part of a person's daily experience. It is nothing very distant, nothing to reach after a long hard journey through a lifetime of despair, nothing to take up after life is laid down, nothing to find as a reward after a hard struggle on earth. The God of us all is right with us giving us a braver heart, a finer courage, a broader consciousness of our unity with good, and our dis-

tance from evil. God's heaven is very close; not a palace, not a kingdom, but the consciousness of a father, a friend, a force overcoming evil and bringing good to each and every one.

Coming into this consciousness gives a power to a man that is a strength unlike any he has ever experienced—a strength to overcome, a strength to undo all his former errors and mistakes, a strength to brighten the lives of those in sorrow, a strength to whiten the dark spots, and a strength that only a friend can give to another person. Prove this for yourselves. It is as I say: the Kingdom of Heaven is right with us, right by, not in a far away country, not in a famous city, it is right at your hand.

I bring you a brighter message than a glorious sunrise. I say to you the God of us all is with you sharing your trials, bringing to you a bounty of courage and of strength, unlike other strength, to endure. To be without it is like being without food for the physical body or without water when the physical body calls for it.

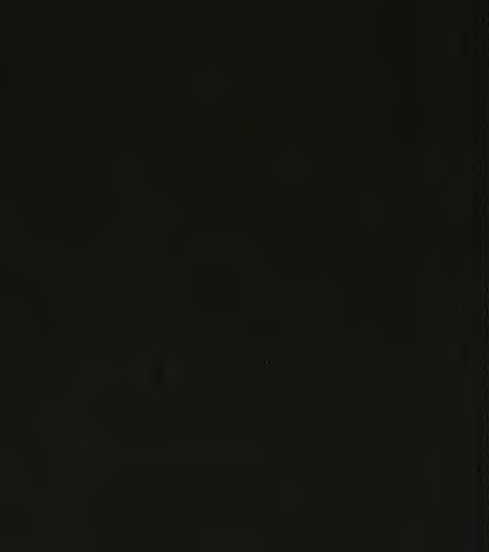
Blessings like this are for all, but oh, the

blessing of knowing! The sunshine is made the brighter; the darkness is clear and still and holds no terrors; the calm waters reflect the clouds and the treetops; the birds fly higher into the summer sky; the cries of little children are sweeter; the day's work does not bring fatigue; the heart is at peace; the tongue speaks in loving kindness, for all men are like brothers. The God of Heaven, the King of Glory, the Prince of all Powers is your father, your friend, your guide, your power, your strength, your courage, and your desire to be all that is wise, good and beautiful.



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- The image consists of a large, solid black rectangular area that occupies approximately 80% of the frame. To the right of this black area is a narrow, vertical white strip that runs from the top to the bottom of the image. The boundary between the black and white regions is perfectly straight and vertical.